Then trip him that his heele mas kick at heauen,
And that his ſoule may be as damnd and blacke
As hell whereto it goes; my mother ſtayes,
This Phyſick but prolongs thy ſickly dayes. *Exit.*
King. My words flie vp, my thoughts remaine below
Words without thoughts neuer to heauen go. *Exit.*

Enter Gertrard and Polonius.

Polo. A will come ſtrait, look you lay home to him,
Tell him his pranks haue bin too broad to beare with,
And that your grace hath ſcreen'd and ſtood betweene
Much heat and him, Ile ſilence me euen heere,
Pray you be round.

Enter Hamlet.

Ger. Ile waite you, feare me not,
Withdraw, I heare him comming.
Ham. Now mother, what's the matter?
Ger. Hamlet, thou haſt thy father much offended.
Ham. Mother you haue my father much offended.
Ger. Come, come, you anſwer with an idle tongue.
Ham. Go go, you queſtion with a wicked tongue.
Ger. Why how now *Hamlet?*
Ham. What's the matter now?
Ger. Haue you forgot me?
Ham. No by Rood not ſo,
You are the Queene, your husbands brothers wife,
And would it were not ſo, you are my mother.
Ger. Nay, then Ile ſet thoſe to you that can ſpeake.
Ham. Come, come, and ſit you downe, you ſhall not boudge,
You go not till I ſet you vp a Glaſſe
Where you may ſee the moſt part of you.
Ger. What wilt thou do, thou wilt not murther me?
Helpe hoe.
Polo. What hoe helpe.
Ham. How now, a Rat, dead for a Duckat, dead.
Pol. O I am ſlaine.
Ger. O me, what haſt thou done?
Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King?

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32 Helpe, how 33 What how